DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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"HOUSE OR HOME?"

What's a house? You may buy it, or build it, or rent;
It may be a mansion, a cottage or tent;
Its furniture costly, or humble and mean;
High walls may surround it, or meadows of green;
Tall servants, in livery, stand in the hall,
Or but one little maiden may wait on you all;
The table may groan with rich viands and rare,
Or potatoes and bread be its costliest fare.
The inmates may glitter in purple and gold,
Or their raiment be homely and tattered and old.
'Tis a house and no more which vile money may buy;
It may ring with a laugh, or but echo a sigh.
But a house must be warmed with the embers of love,
Which none from its hearthstone may ever remove;
And be lighted at eve with a heart-kindled smile,
Which a breast, though in sorrow, of woe may beguile;
A home must be "Home," for no words can express it—
Unless you have known it, you never can guess it;
'Tis vain to describe what it means to a heart
Which can live out its life on the bubbles of art.
It may be a palace, it may be a cot;
It matters not which, and it matters not what
'Tis a dwelling perfumed with the incense of love,
A beautiful type of the house that's above.

April 28, 1900. LILY M. BROWNE.

He Wished She Had.

They both had letters to the captain, and the captain introduced them. Her name was Farrar, and the elderly gentleman, who was her father, called her Winifred. Then they all went in search of their respective staterooms and did not meet again until dinner It was only the first dinner. The purser, who is undoubtedly heaven's vice on earth in the matchmaking business, had not had time to observe and distribute fittingly, so they sat wherever they listed or wherever they had to, which for Brooke was across the table and not even opposite to her. He bowed as he took his seat, and he bowed when he whirled around and got up, and for the rest they both conversed with each other via the captain.

That evening Brooke went into the purser's cabin to look at some pearls tied up in the corner of a grimy handkerchief. He did not understand that pursers see everything and do not need to be taught their business. Brooke was one of those pleasant people to have about who go on the supposition that you are a fool until you prove yourself otherwise, which is a rule of conduct having the properties of a boomerang. So he brought the conversation round in this wise: He asked if they were likely to have a pleasant trip. The purser said that they usually did at that time of year. Brooke hoped the passengers would be agreeable too. The purser thought the Farrars looked promising. Brooke thought so, too, and added. "I say, you're going to put me beside Miss Farrar, are you not?" He said that he was, and Brooke immediately lost all interest in the little nicked nubbins of pearls and went back on deck, where it was cool, and the purser smiled as he locked his treasures in the safe again.

Brooke came in to breakfast a little late the next morning. Miss Farrar was already seated, looking particularly nice, too, in what is known to men as "some soft, white material," with a gaudy silk Panama shawl around her shoulders. The intelligent waiter showed Brooke to the next chair. Miss Farrar asked him to explain why it is that the sun rises on the wrong side of the world in Panama bay, which gave him the requisite feeling of superiority at once. He did not happen to know that it did, because he had not been up to see, but he explained it, anyway. After breakfast he bought her aguacats from the bumboats alongside and told her he would show her at luncheon how to eat them. She knew, but she pretended she did not, and Brooke's opinion of her attracions waxed.

After that the course of things in general was as smooth as that of the vessel as it cut its way statesward through the pale summer sea By day they sat under the awnings and talked, and by night they sat up in the bow, way up in the very peak, where, if you had the least possible good opinion of yourself—and a girl of excellent taste to help you along—you could fancy you rather suggested Tristan, which—thrown in a good cigar, whose red point of fire gives just enough light in darkness to enable you to see a pair of admiring gray eyes turned up to you—is as pleasant a way of passing an evening as a fellow could wish. They sometimes watched the Southern Cross shining alone on its field of blue black, sweeping across the heavens, and they were silent. Silence and the Southern Cross have accomplished many things.

They went ashore together at Manzanillo, also at Acapulco, and, they two being alone in the boat, the elderly gentleman having gone ashore ahead and the beautiful Mexican youth who rowed not counting, he sang softly that "the waves were the highways, so deep, so deep; the waters her byways, asleep, asleep," and ended with the sentiment that "thus true lovers tasted life, Stali, Stali." He had a very nice voice. Miss Farrar told him so, and wondered how much longer, at the average calculation, it would be before it would come down from generalities to personalities; not that she was in any haste. On the contrary, she liked it as it was. What could be more charming than to drift on over the smooth water, faintest blue in the early morning, deep blue, dark as lapis lazuli at noon; steely gray at sunset, afire with phosphorescence at night, and to have ever beside you a youth, handsome, agreeable and devoted with that devotion most flattering to a woman's soul—the proprietary, everybody else keep off, sort? A youth always perfectly willing to let you talk about him or to do it himself.

Miss Farrar knew all about Brooke, not only what he had told her, but what she had observed, which latter Brooke did not take into consideration, though it was important. She knew who he was and that he had been down in Quito for the past two years, and that he was now going to San Francisco to be best man for his chum, who was about to be married. "It's an old promise," he explained, "dating from our colleges days. We agreed then that whichever should marry first the other should come from the ends of the earth, if necessary, to see him through. Tom sent for me, and here I am." Miss Farrar asked what Tom's other name might be. It was Bolton. Brooke forgot about himself just long enough to ask if she happened to know Bolton, but he did not listen when she answered. He interrupted to wonder if he would have a good time in San Francisco.

What sort of a town was it for a fellow who didn't know many people? Miss Farrar explained amiably.

Now, every one knows that the pleasantest and most fitting occupation a woman can have is to talk to a man about himself, because that makes him like her, which is, of course, her one object in life. But even a charming girl, who understands her place in the scheme of creation, has an underlying human taste for just a pinch of variety. Miss Farrar would have liked to have him show some interest in herself as disconnected from him for just five short minutes. Brooke did not think of that. He went on to tell her something that had happened between Tom and himself at college, something in which he figured rather more creditably than Tom did. And she listened as she watched the delicate yellow coast of Lower California, forsaken of God and man, of all but the sweeping winds and the whipping waves of the sea. She listened, for she never failed of a seemly interest in what a fellow was saying, but she was thinking of other things; of how he would have brought upon himself any consequences that might now ensue and of how it would serve him good and right anyway. From which it may be seen that appearances are deceptive and that the most lovely woman may have a streak of meanness in her you would never suspect.

Poor Brooke, who had given her his whole heart—he was sure of it now and meant to tell her so some time soon—never so much as guessed at it. She knew he did not. He did not guess anything at all about her and did not try to. A woman is a vain creature at bottom. She likes to be made to think that some few of her thoughts and actions have a minor sort of importance. There are men who understand this, and they get good wives.

The other sort ends like as l'homme incompris. Brooke felt that he was understood, better than ever before. The woman of so much perspicacity was the one for him. However, there was no hurry about telling her so. He was going to call on her in San Francisco. Besides her name and that she was returning from New York, he knew this much about her—that she lived on Pacific Avenue. He believed she had said something about the view of the bay from there, but he had not paid much attention.

So they stood side by side up among the anchor cables all that last morning, speculating on the points along the coast, betting on the number of the pilot boat, descrying the Cliff House, watching the city spreading out and over its hills. Brooke said, "By jove, it is a big place; a lot bigger than I had supposed." It was cold in the bay to those who had come up from the south. So, after the white tug with the gilt eagle on the pilot house, which had brought out the doctors or customs people or something shot off again, they went and sat on the crimson plush seat in the social hall. Miss Farrar was a little absentminded. Even Brooke saw it. He laid it down to a very natural agitation at having to leave him. However, he would fix that in a day or two.

They came alongside the dock at last. A fellow standing there foremost among the little crowd lifted his hat. "By Jove, it was Tom!" How could he have guessed that he (Brooke) would be on this boat? They were up among the cables again now.

"Have a good trip?" Tom called. Brooke started to answer, but Miss Farrar was in ahead of him. He was surprised, not to say a trifle annoyed. Then he recalled that she had said something about knowing Bolton.

While they waited for the gangplank to be put down, Brooke decided that he might as well give Miss Farrar the solace of a hint of his intentions.

"May I call tonight?" he asked. He did a little proprietary pantomime for Tom's benefit. Miss Farrar blushed and hesitated. He interpreted it as consent and was so pleased that he went a little further. "I want to see you quite alone—dear."

"I'm awfully"— she started, but at that moment the gangplank was lowered, and the rush began.

Brooke followed the Farrars down, carrying his own suit case and her bag.

"So you two come on the same boat?" Tom was saying, he was holding her hand all the time too. "I thought perhaps you might. Of course you know," he beamed upon them both, "that Brooke is to be our best man, Winifred?"

"Yes," Winifred said, she knew.

"It's funny you struck the same boat," Tom insisted. "I wish I had thought to cable you, old fellow, that Miss Farrar would be aboard."

"Yes," said Brooke. "I wish you had."—*Argonaut.*

Three Boys.

A Swedish boy fell out of the window, and was badly hurt, but with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he because the famous General Banier.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the German philosopher.

FANWOOD.

The Annual May Meeting of the Board.

NEW OFFICERS ELECTED.

Battalion Drill and Annual Competitive Drill for the Archibald D. Russell Gold Medals--Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Fanwood never looked more beautiful than on Tuesday, May 15th, the date for the annual meeting of Life Members of the Institution for the election of Officers and Directors, and for a general inspection of the daily routine of the school.

The stars and stripes fluttered from the southwest tower of the Main Building, as well as from the flagstaff at the entrance, and over the industrial building was the designatory banner of blue and white which floats there on public occasions.

The well-kept grounds and sloping greensward never looked more invitingly cool than on this really sultry day.

The main hall and rotunda were embellished with branches of dog wood blossoms and great bunches of lilacs.

The parlor in which the Ladies' Committee met was redolent with perfume from a vase of tea roses of various kinds.

After luncheon—which was the product of the cooking class, of boys and girls,—the Life Members met and elected the following:—

PRESIDENT.

REV. CHARLES A. STODDARD, D.D.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT.

MORRIS K. JESUP.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT.

JOHN T. TERRY.

TREASURER.

EDWARD M. TOWNSEND.

SECRETARY.

THATCHER M. ADAMS.

DIRECTORS.

To serve for three years, or until the third Tuesday of May, 1903.

REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET, D.D.
JOHN L. TONNELÉ,
JOHN T. TERRY.
FRANCIS V. GREENE.
WM. M. V. HOFFMAN.
CHARLES A. LEALE, M.D.
SAMUEL RIKER.
EUGENE DELANO.

To serve until the third Tuesday of May, 1901.

In place of Benjamin Perkins (resigned).

CLEMENT MARCH.

In place of Enoch L. Fancher, LL.D. (deceased).

THOS. N. CUTHBERT.

From one o'clock in the afternoon a gymnastic exhibition was given in the chapel, by a class of boys.

The visitors inspected the classrooms, art department, and trades schools, until about 3.30, when the cadets began their annual competitive drill for the Archibald D. Russell Gold medals for highest proficiency in the school of the soldier, and the Principal's prize for the best drill officer.

The examining officer was Captain John G. R. Lilliendahl, 22d Regiment N. G. N. Y., who made the awards as follows:—

For highest proficiency in the School of the Soldier.—Edward C. Elsworth, Company A; Michael Elliott, Company B; Frank T. Lux, Company C.

Best Drill Officer.—John H. Keiser, Captain Company A.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a "licking" at the hands of the Freshman baseball team of Columbia College. The game came off on our grounds, Saturday afternoon. Score was 15 to 8.

FANWOOD, A. A	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Dyer, p.,	5	2	4	0	6	2
Major, 1b., l.f.,	5	0	2	4	0	2
Nimmo, s.s.,	3	1	1	1	4	0
Capt. Rappolt, 3b.,	5	0	1	4	1	1
Wigley, 2b.,	5	2	1	7	1	2
Edmonston, r.f.,	5	1	1	1	0	0
Cook, c.,	4	1	0	3	0	0
Lynch, l.f., 1b.,	5	1	1	7	0	1
Hefferman, c.f.,	4	0	0	0	0	2
Totals,	41	8	11	27	12	10

COLUMBIA, 1903	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Cooper, c.f.,	6	2	2	1	0	0
Bacon, 1 f.,	6	2	2	3	0	0
Glasley, 1b.,	6	1	3	16	0	1
F. S. McLintoch, c.,	5	2	1	5	0	0
Lang, s.s.,	4	1	0	0	2	2
Elais, r. f.,	3	1	1	0	0	0
McColoon, r.f.,	1	0	0	0	0	0
H. McLintoch, 2b.,	4	3	0	1	5	0
Kayer, 3b.,	4	2	2	0	1	0
Hoyt, p.,	5	1	3	1	5	1
Totals,	54	15	14	27	13	4

INNINGS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
COLUMBIA 1903.	4	0	0	1	6	0	0	0	4	—15
FANWOOD	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	2	3	—8

Earned Runs—Columbia 9; Fanwood 5. Two base hits—F. S. McLintoch, Elais, Edmonston. Three base hits—Dyer 2. Left on Base—Columbia, 6; Fanwood 9. Stolen bases—Cooper 3, Bacon, F. S. McLintoch, H. McLintoch 2, Kayer 2, Dyer 2, Major, Nimmo 2, Wigley. Sacrifice Hit—Major. Double plays—Bacon and Glasley; Wigley and Nimmo. Struck out—by Hoyt, 5. by Dyer, 2. First base on balls off—Hoyt, 2; off Dyer, 3. Hit by pitched ball—by Hoyt, 1; by Dyer, 1. Wild pitch—Dyer, 1. Passed balls—F. S. McLintoch, 1; Cook, 1. Time of Game—2 hours and 5 minutes. Umpires Mr. Miller, of Y. M. C. A., and Mr. Ford, of Columbia. Attendance—500. Scorer—H. Powell.

Messrs. Heerdt, Moeslein, McEvoy and Fricken were over to see the game and incidentally to renew acquaintance with former schoolmates.

The following schedule of the Fanwood Reserves is due to the hustling abilities of Captain Louis A. Cohen.

May 19—Hoboken High School at St. George Cricket Grounds, Hoboken, N. J.
May 23—Horace Mann School at Fanwood.
May 26—Fort Wadsworth A. A. at Fort Wadsworth, S. I.
May 30—Hoboken High School at Fanwood, A.M.
May 30—Fort Wadsworth A. A. at Fanwood, P.M.

"The Air we Breathe" was the subject of a very interesting lecture given by Prof E. S. Burdick before the Fanwood Literary Association Saturday evening. Prof. Burdick made use of chemical apparatus to show how air was separated into its chief components, oxygen and nitrogen, the pressure which the air exerts and the uses to which this pressure is put. It was one of the most interesting and instructive lectures given this year, and Prof. Burdick was heartily thanked for the masterful way he handled his subject.

The chilly weather of the past week has aroused anxiety among our agricultural comrades, who live way up State. For the past week, they have been most learnedly discussing the prospects of corn, beans, and tomatoes having an off year, on account of the recent frosts. The majority of us wonder where we are at. Is this really the month of May or is winter still "lingering in the flowery lap of spring."

The Proteus dug her bows into the placid waters of the Hudson on Friday afternoon. The boat is as spick and span as paint could make it. The colors of the boat club are white and blue. The Institution's colors are blue and gold. The body of the boat is in white with a narrow stripe of blue below the bright yellow of the gunwale, so the Institution colors mingle with those of the boat club.

Our amateur photographers, Cadets Brewer and Burt, have all the work they can attend to, and enough to keep them busy till school closes. Several specimens of their work grace the JOURNAL'S art gallery, and are of a nature that reflects credit on them.

Mr. Willam Rhodes, connected with Boylan & Co., was accompanied here by his wife, Friday. Tutor Wesley Van Tassell took them in tow, and made a tour of the grounds and buildings.

The new summer uniforms of the cadets arrived last week. Boylan & Co., the military outfitters, have done their work well, as is attested by the appearance of the cadets on parade.

Major W. H. VanTassell was at Creedmoor, with the Twenty-Second Regiment, for target practice and marksmanship, last Tuesday. He made 37 out of a possible 50.

Captain H. C. Balcom of the 74th Regiment, Buffalo, N. G. N. Y., was an interested spectator at the battalion parade of the cadets, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Anton Schroeder, formerly of St. Paul, Minn., and inventor of a hanger for doors and windows, called on Editor Hodgson, Monday morning.

Mr. Walter S. Crittenden, formerly assistant steward at the Institution, was a caller Saturday afternoon.

Miss Goldstein, of last year's graduating class, paid Fanwood a visit, Saturday.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

The English is conquering the world. At least a little study of the advancement that it has made the last century or so would seem to indicate some such conclusion. In the eleventh century there were only about two milllions who spoke English. Two centuries later there were but three millions. In the fifteenth century only four millions spoke English. The growth had been but half a millon per century from the eleventh to the fifteenth, but then the growth became much more rapid. By the sixteenth there were six millions speaking English, by the seventeenth eight million five hundred thousand, and them came the first great leap, when the end of the eighteenth century found twenty-one million eight hundred thousand persons speaking English. And at the present day, as well as can be calculated, the English language is the native tongue of one hundred and sixteen million persons.

What are the causes of this great development of the English tongue?

One undoubtedly is the spread of the English speaking people all over the world. Another cause is the ease with which English is learned by the foreigner. English grammar is nothing when compared with French, German or any other grammar of European nations, and besides, wherever English influence has spread, and it has spread around the world, the Englishman imposes his language upon the peoples with whom he has to do.

M. Jean Foint admits this growing supremacy of the English language in a clever article in *LaRevues*, and laments the loss which the French have to show. In the fifteenth century it was confidently expected that French would become the universal language. It was the literary lanuage, the language of the courts, of diplomats, of commerce all over Europe, and this was the case up to the middle of the eighteenth century. A man who knew French could then traved comfortably all over Europe, certain of being understood wherever he went. At the end of the fifteenth century there were only 19,000,000 persons who spoke German, and hardly 3,000,000 who spoke Russian, but at the close of the eighteen 30,000,000 spoke German and 31,000,000 Russian.

When the nineteenth century dawned French and Russian claimed an equal number of adherents; Germanwas just behind them; then came Spanish, English and Italian, in order. The downfall of Napoleon, in changing the map of the world, changed its languages. England, the conqueror, then ascended to the supreme place, and Russian, too, that took part in the conquest, rose during the century to command 85,000,000 adherents. Germany is not far behind with 80,000,000, but France has only 58,000,000.

These figures at the same time indicate the expansion of the different nations. Linguistic victories represent colonial victories, for it is certain that among these six nations, the English and the Russian have colonized with greatest success. To study the English Golonies, a map of the world is necessary; and the Russians have followed the English tongue. The young Egyptians have abandoned the study of French for that very closely, being followed in turn by Germans.

France is losing ground, even in those places where she was once supreme. In Algeria, where it was hoped to make French the leading tongue, Arabic is spoken. On the Congo, in Senegal and the Soudan, there is a perfect babel of African tongues. The Armenians were almost French, but now they have turned toward England and are fast learning of English; and Russia, king her part in Syria, is introducing her language through a number of schools all over her domain.

In Belgium, where the population was divided equally betweeu the French, German, and Flemish tongues some twenty years ago, in 1898 those speaking Flemish or German outnumbered those speaking French by over half a million in a population of 7,500,000. The best proof that France has lost altogether in retaining its hold on the language of diplomacy was shown at the late peace congress in The Hague, where English was widely spoken. The Eglish foreign office has long abandoned the custom of using French in its communications with foreign ambassadors. The latest commercial treaty between Mexico and China was written in English, although a century ago French wonld have been the language used.

English, German and Russian compete for notice in Japan, but French is altogether omitted. In fact, the study of French in the schools outside of France is growing less and less year by year. This humiliating confession coming from a Frenchman is strong proof that the English language is today in the ascendant, and ere long may be, if not the universal language, at east the tongue spoken by more persons than any two other languages.—*New York Herald.*

An Erroneous Impression.

Several of our exchanges have published the statement that Reverend Job Turner has seen and shaken hands with every President from John Adams down. This is not exactly correct. He requests us to correct the error. The following is a list of those he has seen: John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Benjamin Harrison, Grover Cleveland, and William McKinley. The following he has shaken hands with: John Tyler, Rutherford B. Hayes, Millard Fillmore, and James K. Polk. Among the distinguished persons he has seen are Commodore Hull, the commodore of the Constitution, Lafayette, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, General Winfield Scott, General Robert E. Lee, General George H. Thomas, President Gonzales of Mexico, and many others. He also met Admiral Joseph Smith in Washington one time, who after his introduction gave the very interesting information that he was a play-fellow of Reverend Turner's father when they were boys. One morning while Mr. Turner was teaching his class at the Virginia school, he noticed a coach turning away from his door. He sent a boy out to overtake it, and when the coach returned, General Winfield Scott's mother was found to be inside. He has in his possession a piece of a coat that belonged to Peter the Great and a lock of Thomas Jefferson's hair.—*Lone Star Weekly.*

Mistress and Maid.

Mistress—So your first name is Clorinda. Well, I think I will call you by your last name while you are in my service.

New Maid—Very well, ma'am.

Mistress—By the way, what is your last name?

New Maid— Darling, ma'am.—*New York Tribune.*

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, MAY 17, 1900.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

MEASUREMENT OF THE ACUTENESS OF HEARING.

INSTRUMENTS for measuring the acuteness of the ear for sounds, known as acoumeters, have been used in investigation for some time, but have not been altogether satisfactory. They are generally in the form of tuning-forks, or of vibrating rods. But the material and form of vibrating bodies can not be clearly defined, so that it is difficult to make forks or rods of precisely equal sonority, and, besides this, the actuating force, such as electricity or mechanical blows, is equally difficult to measure and regulate. In a recent investigation, Messrs. Toulouse and Vaschide, two French physicists, use drops of water falling from a known height on a vibrating-plate. The principle had been used before, but the falling bodies had usually been solid balls of metal, or the like, which could not be made to drop regularly at sufficiently short intervals. The substitution of dropping water seems to have brought about a satisfactory solution of the problem. We translate a description of the new method from *Cosmos*, (Paris, March 31). Says the writer of a notice in that magazine:

"The method consists in causing the person experimented upon to listen, at a fixed distance, to noises of progressive intensity, determined by drops of distilled water of constant weight, falling from constantly increasing heights on a definite metallic body. Thus the conditions of the phenomena are exactly determinate, and the measurements taken by different observers are comparable.

"This acoumeter is composed of a flask filled with distilled water, giving, by means of a properly regulated faucet, drops, each of which weighs 0.1 gram [1.5 grains], the height of the water above the faucet, which determines the pressure, remaining constant during the experiment. The drops fall on the center of an aluminum disk, one centimeter [0.4 inch] in diameter and 0.1 millimeter [.004 inch] in thickness. This metal does not rust, and is sufficiently sonorous.

"In order that the drops shall not, by accumulating, diminish the sound the vibration, the disk is kept at an inclination of 20°. This vibrating plate, for a drop of water falling from a height varying from 0.1 to 1 meter [4 to 40 inches], 40 simple vibrations a second, as may be verified by inscribing them directly on a registering cylinder.

"The experiment is performed in silence. The subject has his eyes blindfolded, and his ear is placed exactly 0.2 meter [8 inches] from the center of the vibrating-plate. The faucet being open, the drops are allowed to fall from a height of 0.01 meter [0.4 inch]. At this distance they cause no perceptible sound. The length of the fall is increased slowly, by raising the movable reservoir, until the subject has an auditive sensation, and the experiment is repeated ten times, in order that an average of the results may be taken.

"The sound may be stopped by receiving the drop on a sponge when it is desired to find out whether the subject thinks or says tha the hears a sound, when he really does not."
—*Translation made for the Literary Digest.*

MR. PETIT, Instructor of Floriculture at the New York Institution, has distinguished himself several times in the past year or two by producing new varieties in chrysanthemums, carnations and roses, as well as in the abundance and beauty of cultivation to which he has brought the old and standard growths of the greenhouse. The *Florist's Weekly* has had frequent mention of the excellence of judgment and care and originality demonstrated in the greenhouses of the New York Institution. But, until the present, we had no idea that Mr. Petit's versatility extended to delicacies for the table. This morning, however, a cucumber is on the editor's desk, which measures in length 18½ inches, and has a circumference of 8 inches. We are told it is called the "telegraph" cucumber, and that the sample we are alluding to is one of average size. Some that have been raised by Mr. Petit were three feet in length. New York City is not exactly an agricultural section, nor is it within the cucumber belt of the State, therefore our brethren of the blue pencil, who reside in districts more favorable to the absorption of rural knowledge, must pardon us if we err in thinking the product of Mr. Petit's cucumber tree are phenomenal.

An Open Letter To Journal Readers.

The latest JOURNAL is just to hand, and really, what are we all coming to? Although not a regular correspondent, we feel that we have been treating an old friend in a shabby manner, in that we've lent Brother Hodgson no assistance for these many moons. A search in pigeon holes reveals several pages written and designed for the JOURNAL, but which were never mailed, and although the hour is late, we feel that we shall rest better if we commence another communication this very night.

Have the JOURNAL correspondents gone *Once A Week* mad? This makes the third week, O Sansom! that we have looked in vain for your breezy Chicago letter. "Pitti Sing," whose sensible letters we enjoyed, writes no more, and when "Pat" writes, we almost wish she wouldn't,—or would forget her own personality a little more. A whole letter given to references to one's self, even though so artfully written as to make simple folk think it refers to three or four persons, really lessens the admiration of those who chance to be less simple. 'Tis wearisome.

Pach, we admire you more and more. You are a business-like writer, when you have anything to say about Pach, you say it in few words—and pass on to the next. You do not hide behind flimsy masks and throw confectionery at yourself. We forgive you many little faults for which in times past we have longed to belabor you soundly. A. B. G. remains faithfully at his post, like the boy who stood on the burning deck.

R. S. T. makes a good college correspondent, and we rejoice to see that the National Capital has a new reporter; J. S. R. faithfully reports from Philadelphia, and Leon does well; could those who are located in communities of the deaf only know what pleasures they carry to hundreds of scattered JOURNAL readers every time they write a personal, if no more, for the columns of the most widely read of papers published for the deaf, we feel assured they would write as frequently as opportunity allowed.

Daisy, we have not a word of criticism, but hearty endorsement for all you say. It is true that to a graduate of one school, who is very slightly acquainted with the deaf beyond his own state, any paper, however good, and however full of news concerning the deaf, unless it contains news of the deaf of his own particular state, is not worth the subscription price *to him*. We wonder much that Indianapolis has no regular correspondent.

It cannot be because literary talent is at a premium there. We well remember when it was a college tradition that, "For brilliant lads and beautiful lassies, Indiana takes the cake." That was when Indiana was sending, almost yearly, bright representatives from her school to Kendall Green, and these representatives boasted of the pretty girls they left behind them, for that was before Gallaudet oponed her doors to the feminine thirster after knowledge.

Indiana has a good Superintendent at the head of its school today, and is sending out bright and capable graduates, from which we would sooner infer that they felt able to cope with fortune without the college course, than that they were unable to pass the examination.

It is regrettable that Miss Hostetler herself did not go to the Green. No one doubted her ability to complete the college course with credit to herself and to her Alma Mater.

The conduct of the manager of *Once a Week* is puzzling, to put it very mildly. We, also, received an invitation to be a contributor, and willing to help the infant to its feet, we wrote requesting a little advice as to what manner of communication would be most acceptable, and even partially wrote one article for the initial number. But no reply ever came, neither did the sample copy arrive, and we've dismissed the whole thing from our attention.

It may not go up in smoke, as did the health resort, but we are willing to wager that the JOURNAL will be the the stand-by of the deaf, long after *Once a Week* has followed the excellent *National Exponent* into oblivion. We liked the *Exponent* and deplored its demise.

If "Regy" and his assistants failed to keep life in it, what can an ordinary mortal hope to do with a similar publication?

We admire a man who has backbone, "push," and perseverance, well seasoned with healthy, wholesome ambition; but we have tried in vain to express our contempt for that weakling, that caricature,—so numerously met with both in deaf society and ordinary, every-day hearing society,—into whose inflated head enters but one idea,—the exaltation of "His majesty, MYSELF!"

How cleverly does self-conceit often ape ambition! There are scores of bright, able, active deaf men and women scattered over this broad, fair land, who could easily, by virtue of their merits, win fame did they crave it, but who go sensibly about their daily duties and let lesser lights struggle for the gaudy bauble,—and which do we honor more,—the steady sensible devotees to Duty, or the nervously anxious seeker after Fame?

May we offer one word of earnest advice to the younger deaf voters? It is: Whenever you *can* do so, unless you already have a comfortable living, *try farming*. Do not argue, as so many do, that it is lonesome on the farm. To the enthusiastic farmer it is never lonesome. If you have the wife of your choice, you have *good* company. Raise a little pop-corn for the long winter evenings, set out as much fruit as you have room for, and do not stop at apples and peaches, you want pears, plums, cherries, grapes, raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, currants, and unless they grow wild in your neighborhood, gooseberries, too. If you cannot sell much, your wife can *can* it for winter use, and you will have an elegant table, the year around, compared with the fare of the oridnary dweller in flats and tenements in the city. Raise chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese, as well as cattle and hogs. Have the best garden in your neighborhood. Plant asparagus in plenty, and have egg-plant, cauliflower, oyster-plant, and all the vegetables you can possibly find room in your garden for and time to cultivate.

Have a hive or two of bees,—they will soon fill more hives,—have a neat yard, some flowers and vines, shade trees, and be sure to hang a hammock just where you can enjoy it most when you want a few moments' rest on a busy day.

In the fall, go nutting in the wagon. If you have deaf neighbors, invite them to go along.

All ride in the wagon, and come back with all the nuts you can gather, they will help, with pop-corn and apples, to make the winter evenings pleasant. Go fishing whenever you can: have little picnics, just yourself and family, with any deaf neighbors or congenial hearing neighbors you can induce to join you, without any unnecessary preparations or worry, and enjoy a day in some quiet spot. It will keep you young.

Visit your dearest friends, no matter where they live, as often as you can conveniently do so, and invite your friends to visit you. *Don't settle down into mirthless toilers.* Don't become "old married folks,"—keep young, be sweethearts as before marriage, and your life, even if the farm be but forty acres and the house but three rooms, will be the envy of hundreds of your smart city acquaintances.

We visited one little farm, some five years ago, to which our memory very frequently returns, although we have a large house, with more "style" in its furnishing. The little farm was the abode of happiness, and that, with love, from which it is never separated, is "the very best thing in the world."

Once more, boys, if you have a farm, or live on your father's—and he needs you—*stick to it.* If you know how to farm but have no farm, *try to get one.* A farmer is a king among men. The farm is the place for the deaf.

SMITH.

Nine Men for the Whipping Post.

DOVER, DEL., April 27.—Nine men will be whipped in the jail yard here to-morrow. The victims are: Samuel Granger, 20 lashes, for burglary; Harry Quillen, Tobias Black and Tilghman Robinson, 15 lashes, for robbery; Wilbur Ridgway, a deaf-mute, 10 lashes, for robbery; Robert Tilgham, 15 lashes, for stealing blankets; Robert Waters and Charles Waters, 10 lashes, for stealing chickens; Joseph Turner, 10 lashes, for stealing hides.

What is becoming is honorable, and what is honorable is becoming.

MILWAUKEE.

MORE ABOUT E. M. CAVANAGH.

In my last letter to the JOURNAL, I omitted some details, regarding Miss Blank's efforts to secure the deaf poet a decent burial—an omission, which was made necessary by the lack of time previous to catching the mail train. But now since inquiries have been received, showing a great interest in E. W. Cavanagh, I take pleasure in submitting the facts in my possession.

Some have asked me who the mysterious deaf girl, Miss Blank, was, and I answer that it was Miss Hypatia Boyd. Miss Boyd at first did not wish her name used, fearing others might think her guilty of egotism. She never met the deaf poet, but her heart was very much touched by the fact that the body of the deaf poet was being held at the morgue.

One of the details omitted in my last letter was to the effect that Miss Boyd, during her conference with the publishers of the deaf poet's books, inquired why the Street Car Company should not pay the expenses of the dead man's funeral. To which the publishers replied that the Car Company had paid the hospital expenses, and that was all. However, the printers agreed to keep Miss Boyd's idea in mind and see the company if possible.

A few days later Miss Boyd again called on the publishers to learn if they had received any word from the deaf poet's brother. They had and showed her the letter, which she read carefully, and for a time said nothing. Then she took up the subject of the Car Company again. Last Wednesday the brother came to town, and one of the publishing firm went with him to the office of the Car Company with the result that the Company had the body taken from the morgue, put in a good casket and shipped to Gainesville, Wis., (the poet's old home) at their expense. The brother accompanied the body and later wrote the following letter to the printers:

"Dear Friend:—I got on very nicely as to time and performance of task. Had to go in debt some at terminus. I am feeling myself under peculiarly affecting obligations to you and the company, which I think (as represented by the officer with whom we consulted) did all and more than I would have hoped for in my highest expectations. I am of the impression that I referred to how mother stood the affliction (during my stay) in the other letter. She had regained her usual activity about wholly. But at the grave was about prostrated with grief. Seemed as if she would have fallen to the ground had I not sustained her.

"But it was the greatest consolation she had that the body was brought to the grave. I thought it seemed a great comfort to her, as I told her the kindly words of a gentleman I first addressed as I entered your office for the first time, and who showed me to you. I did not learn the gentleman's name, but his words were "crumbs of comfort," indeed.

"At the grave there was quite an assemblage, and the Presbyterian minister conducted the services. The hearse brought the remains from the undertakers. The coffin looked fine, and the face within, to my mind, looked better than when I saw it at the morgue. Your kindly words and deeds are much appreciated."

As to the deaf girl, who was with the deaf-poet at the hospital before he died, she was not Miss Boyd, as has been erroneously supposed. If Miss Boyd had been sent for, she would, of course, have gone to the hospital, with her mother's consent, and have gladly done what she could to soothe the dying man's last hours. She has never been at the beside of a dying man, not even when the only brother she had died five years ago. But we think, had she been summoned to the deaf-poet's bedside, she would have known what to do. She would have cheered him, prayed for him, and when he died, have closed his eyes with sisterly tenderness and compassion, and she would have wept as she did the Thursday she read of his death, and knew that he had died surrounded by doctors and nurses—with no friends or relatives near him.

The publishers of Mr. Cavanagh's books have held a conference with Miss Boyd, regarding the books left on their hands. The deaf poet's relatives are in no position to pay for them, and as the publishers were so very kind as to show faith in a deaf man, the deaf of the country can do much to return such kindness by buying the books left on the printers' hands, otherwise, the publishers will lose over two hundred dollars. The book is a little one, of two different bindings, and quite profusely illustrated with fanciful drawings. The book with the pretty blue and gold binding is thirty cents; the book in the plain, gray binding is twenty-five cents—packing and mailing, two cents extra for each book. On the outside of the book bound in blue and gold, there is a representation of a muse playing her harp and lifting her voice to heaven. The books are being sold at a bargain, and if you wish to help Miss Boyd in her efforts to return the publishers' kindness in trusting a deaf person, send her your order for the books, and persuade your deaf friends to do the same. Address all orders to Miss Hypatia Boyd, 1046 National Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Already, Miss Boyd has received a number of orders from deaf people here and there, and it is hoped that the orders will continue to come in, until all or nearly all the books are taken off the publishers' hands. One deaf young man, whom Miss Boyd met by chance in the library, bought two of the books, and expressed much sorrow that the deaf-poet should have met with such a sad accident. He wished to know all about the deaf-poet's death, and Miss Boyd, who had gone to the library to work on a newspaper article closed her book, and told him all she knew. He thanked her and hoped the deaf would buy more of the books.

Another man in Chicago, with a great big, sincere, generous heart, wrote Miss Boyd asking to know if he could contribute to help in her efforts to give the deaf poet a funeral. He also asked for a copy of the books.

* * * *

Herman Apitz and Emma Graffenius have been granted a marriage-license, and will be married within five days. We wish them

"All enjoyment and treasure
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure."

Mr. Apitz is an industrious tailor by trade, who came to this country from Germany. Miss Graffenius is a pretty, fair-haired Milwaukee girl. She is very clever with her needle, and shows marked culinary talent. Mr. Apitz is to be congratulated on having won the heart a girl who knows all about housekeeping, cooking, sewing, etc. If I ever get married, I should like to marry a girl of Miss Graffenius' type,—one who has always been a home-girl and has a love for the home, knows how to make it a blessing, thinks cooking a pleasure, and so on. She is a very gentle, religious and sweetly-disposed woman,—one that you would be glad to have for a friend.

Who will be the next to get married?

Rev. Mr. Wangerin is in St. Paul.

W. J. Fitz Patrick took a flash-light picture of the party held at Miss Elias' home. It is good. We all had a fine time at the party.

My friends have been spicing their letters with French words and phrases. To be sure they are getting ready to go to Paris, but please remember, I don't know much French, and I have been trying, but vainly, to interprot a French sentence at the close of a letter sent me by a dear editor-friend. I am thinking it must contain something very sweet or interesting, but I can't for the life of me, interpret it. Lately I have learned a bit of French and let me repeat it, please:

"Pour manger un bon macaroni, vermicelle, etc., il faut le metre dans un pot en metal emaille ou en terre cuite, convenant d'eau bouillante eviron huit fois le poids de la pate (4 litres d'eau pour un demi-pilogramme de pate); le laisser bouiller lentement pendant 25 minutes puis le retirer de l'eau, l'accommoder an gras ou an maigre sas l'avoir laisse refroidir nota—Avoir toujours soin de mettre la pate dans de l'eau en ebullition et ne jainais l'augments d'ean froide." Well, is that sufficient French to enable one to get along at Paris? I wish I could go, but as I cannot, I wish you all a very good time and a safe return home (with your hearts safe, of course)—those of who go to Paris.

"Parting is such sweet sorrow.
That I would say good-night until the morrow."

Secretary Willis, of the Y. M. C. A. here, has granted the use of the Y. M. C. A. lecture-hall for an informal reception to the deaf visitors to be held Friday evening, June the twenty-ninth, the last day of the Carnival. The doors will open at half past seven, and all deaf people are requested to avail themselves of the opportunity for social enjoyment.

Since it is known that Hypatia Boyd will be in Chicago by May 20th, we wish to say, that any favors extended to her, will be duly appreciated and returned, all the more so, as she has never been in Chicago.

PAT.

PLEADED BY SIGNS.

YOUNG WOMAN SECURED RELEASE OF DEAF AND DUMB UNCLE.

When Anton Fedener, 42 years old, of Aldendale, L. I., appeared in the Ewen Street Police Court, Williamburg, to-day, to accuse S. P. Sussman of 45 Eldridge Street, Manhattan, of having driven a horse which knocked him down, a pretty young woman stepped to the bar and said that she was the niece of Fedener, who can neither hear nor speak.

The young woman spoke in the sign language, and Fedner admitted that the horse drive by Sussman was going at a slow gait when he was knocked down, and for that reason the case was dismissed.—*N. Y. Daily News, May 8.*

The Shark's Mouth.

No doubt the shark's mouth is placed so much beneath the projecting muzzle, under which also the nostrils lie, that it may serve its proper purpose in the best way. In all records of the habits of the fish we are told that it can and does bite out large chunks of flesh from the dead bodies of whales and even from living victims of its attacks, and it is easily seen that if its mouth was like that of other fishes the necessary leverage would be lacking. A further reason seems to be that the shark by this peculiar position of its mouth is compelled to turn upon its back to strike and is thus able to deliver its onset from below with more deadly effects. This formidable strength of jaw is backed up by a most terrible array of teeth, of which in some species there are as many as six rows all around. Each tooth is saw edged and pointed, and some of the largest are as much as two inches in breadth that the base These lie flat against the jaws and can be raised by separate muscles at will, so that as the shark darts upon its prey, they spring of end, as a cat's claws are stuck out from its paw. This arrangement will not allow anything once bolted to return, so that a shark's mouth is a veritable death trap.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Tempering Copper Not a Lost Art.

The allegation that ancient Egyptians tempered copper and bronze to carry a razor edge is not borne by investigation. Thomas Harper of Bellevue, Pa., challenges any one to produce a piece of metal tempered by the ancients that cannot be more than duplicated by any metal worker to-day. He says that in examining hundreds of specimens alleged to have been tempered to the degree that steel is tempered, he failed to find any, nor had he discovered any one who has seen such work, and the fable which has been implicitly believed for centuries is being shattered in the light of modern research.

This is not the only story believed for centuries tending to belittle the man of today, to make him the inferior of his forefathers, which failed under the searchlight of inquiry and science. The ancients were children in mechanical knowledge as compared to the people of today, and if there was a demand for any particular building or piece of work such as was produced by the ancients it could be duplicated and improved on by the skilled artisans of the nineteenth century.—*American Manufacturer.*

The Level-Headed Never Lose Their Nerve

Worry is the twin sister of nervousness. Neither should ever enter into the daily life of any one. God, in His all-wise providence, put the head of a human being on top, that all beneath it might be subservient to it. There is something wrong above the eyes, in the region of the will power, when one becomes nervous in the sense of excitability. "Know thyself" is good; control thyself is better. Worry and excitement never aided any one. Any fool can get along when everything is all right, but it takes a wise man, a level-headed man, to get along and not worry nor become nervous when everything is all wrong.—*April Ladies' Home Journal.*

Albany and Troy.

The Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of New York, will be at Troy on Saturday evening, May 19th. Service at 7:30 in the chapel of St. Paul's Parish.

On Sunday, May 20th, Dr. Gallaudet will hold a service at St. Paul's Church, Albany, at 3 P.M.

It is hoped that a large attendance will greet him at both places.

Visitors from out of town will find the Sunday afternoon service in Albany most convenient for them.

The offerings at both services will be for the building fund of the Gallaudet Home.

The sixth annual session of the N. C. School for the Deaf and Dumb, will close June 6th, and all the children will leave here on that day, and June 7th. Parents who live near, will not call for their children till June 7th. Parents and guardians will please send money to settle all bills and pay Railroad fare home May 26th.—*Kelly Messenger.*

KEITH'S, MAY 21.

An event of unusual interest to lovers of vaudeville occurs at Keith's next week. Bunth & Rudd, the most famous grotesque comedians in the world, have been in Europe for four years past, performing constantly, and will make their reappearance in New York on Monday. Robert Edeson and Ellen Burg, of Charles Frohman's forces, will come back with their laughable little comedy "Palmistry," and such prime favorites as the Manhattan Comedy Four, Canfield & Carleton, Johnson & Dean, Willis P. Sweatnam, The Olympia Quartet, and Newhouse & Ward, the expert bicycle comedians, will be included in the bill.

Attractive Postal Cards.

It is a truism that the biggest results often start from little things.

The German photographer who some years ago sensitized an ordinary postal card and printed a view of his native town upon it, did not dream of the results to follow that astute little venture. To-day the making of the pictorial post-card has in Germany become a distinct art. A trade paper estimates the number of men engaged exclusively in it at twelve thousand.

During a single season one hundred and forty-eight thousand postal cards, bearing the picture of the Neiderwald Monment of Germania, were sent through the post. This beautifully situtated memorial, erected to commemorate the sncess of the Fatherland in the Franco-German War, is annually visited by a large number of patriots and foreign tourists. It is little wonder that they send a picture of it to their friends.

It is probably for the same reason that an equal number of Kyfhauser Monument cards go through the post. The old tower of the castle at Heidelberg figured on no lessthan thirty-six thousand cards in one sea son.

Not only does Germany print these attractive little souvenirs for her own use, but she exports large quantities of them. More than half the total number made go to other countries. South America, Australia, Austria, France, Great Britain, Italy, Russia, and Sweden, are the principal customers.

It is no wonder the post-cards are in demand, for they are really attractive. The first order of things, when the picture on the card was of very crude workmanship, has passed away. *Chambers's Journal* is responsible for the statement that many of the German cards are now, for finish and clearness of detail, superior to the illustrations of the best monthly magazines.

Topical post-cards are in great request. The "Peace Conference" card, with photographs of half a dozen of the peace delegates, has lately been a favorite.

So-called "art" post-cards are in vogue at present; abstract subjects handled in line or monochrome by clever artists. A fragile and costly novelty is a thin strip of wood, of regular post-card size, with a scene hand-painted in oils on the back.

Some pictorial post-cards have their views in relief, yet leave the side reserved for the address perfectly flat. Others have facings in silk; that is to say, the views are woven in silk. These emanate from Crefeld, the home and centre of the German silk-weaving manufactories, and are comparatively cheap.

One of the very latest cards—and a hundred fresh designs are published every day—is the metachrome card. In this the pictures, colored or otherwise, are coated with a thin layer of white oil paint, making the view underneath look misty, but at the same time rendering it possible to use the whole surface for writing. When the post-card is received, the message is read and the card immersed in water. Instantly the mistiness disappears with the writing and the scene beneath stands forth clearly.

Albums for the insertion of the pictorial post-cards are in request, and the post-card collector bids fair before long to rival the stamp collector.

Rings and Ring Lore.

Cromwell's signet ring bore his crest, a lion rampant.

The finger ring was the earliest ornament adopted by man.

Every Roman freeman was entitled to wear an iron ring.

Wedding rings were used in Egypt 3,000 years before Christ.

Augustus wore a ring charm to protect him from thunderstorms.

Betrothal rings came into use in Europe as early as the ninth century.

The ring of Childeric is still preserved in the Imperial museum in Paris.

After Hugh Capet every French king wore a ring as part of the royal regalia.

Rings with bangles attached have been worn in India from the earliest time.

Chaucer in more than one place alludes to the thumb rings as common in his time.

Roman ambassadors sent abroad wore gold rings as part of their state dress.

Early Celtic rings were executed in interlaced work, often of very intricate patterns.

The state ring of the pope is set with a large cameo bearing a portrait of Christ.

The ring of the Jewish high priest was invested, by tradition, with many mystic powers.

Luther habitually wore a small ring, in which the setting represented a death's head.

Without Regared to Expense.

The king assembles the royal architects.

"Build me a temple," he commands, "so costly that no smoker will ever be told he might have owned it had he let tobacco alone!"

Ah, this was aiming high indeed! But when was true art ever known to falter?—*Detroit Journal.*

NEW YORK.

A Wedding in Brooklyn.

PREVENTED BURGLARY.

A Budget of Brevities.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The marriage of Miss Laura Brink to Mr. Benjamin C. Dennisson, took place at the home of the bride's parents in Brooklyn, at 8.30 P.M., on Wednesday, May 9th.

Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, Curate of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, performed the ceremony. The bridesmaid and best man were sister and brother of Mr. Dennisson.

The bride was attired in a beautiful dress of cream-colored satin, and the groom was in full dress.

The contracting parties stood in a bower of wreaths and flowers—chiefly tea roses and carnations.

Congratulations and general conversation followed the ceremony, and at twelve all sat down to a bounteous wedding supper, which embraced chicken salad, potatoes, sandwiches, ice cream, cake and coffee, besides fruits, cigars and wine.

Among the presents received were: a silver tea urn, silver fruit dish, Japanese vases, centre table, two handsomely embroidered sofa pillows, silver tea and tablespoons, an enameled iron and brass bedstead, cut glass goblets, a parlor clock, chairs, and a bon-bon dish.

Among the deaf present were Mr. and Mrs. Amandus Henning, Mr. and Mrs. Valles, Messrs. A. Baxter, H. Prinsinzing, Litter and his mother.

The newly-wedded couple will reside with the parents of the bride.

Daisy Jones, the eleven-year-old daughter of Mr. W. G. Jones, teacher in the New York Institution, is lingering between life and death, as the result of a bicycle accident. She was learning to ride, and somehow or other got into collision with a wagon. No one saw the accident, so it can not be ascertained just how it occurred. She had her collar bone broken, and the base of the brain is so injured that fatal results are apprehended from meningitis. Mr. Jones many friends extend sympathy to him and his wife and hope the outcome will be more favorable than present symptoms indicate.

Anton Schroeder, of St. Paul, who is now employed as agent for his own patents, which he sold to The Stanley Works, of New Britain, Ct., was in this city several days. On Sunday he visited Pach's gallery, and afterwards went to church at St. Francis Xavier's. On Monday he made a call at the New York Institution, and was shown through all the buildings. He was especially interested in the deaf and blind pupils, Katie McGirr, and Orris Benson.

The Grand Afternoon and Evening Festival of the Guild of Silent Workers, in aid of the Building Fund of the Gallaudet Home, will be held at Fort Wendell, 198th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, on Saturday, August 4th. The picnic ground has been greatly improved, and the Third Avenue trolley cars will run to the gate. Watch the advertisement on the fourth page of the JOURNAL for particulars.

Samuel Frankenheim will give up his position with the New York Camera Exchange. The work is detrimental to his health, and he contemplates spending the summer on the farm of Artist Ballin, at Pearl River, N. Y. He will go in for early rising and retiring, with the daytime interval filled with hard work, so that when the leaves begin to fall be will have regained his oldtime strength and vigor.

Returning from Brooklyn at an early hour on the morning May 10th, Messrs. Baxter and Prinsinzing discovered a burglar forcing an entrance into a Warren Street Store. They gave an alarm, but no policeman responded, so the knight of the jimmy escaped.

Bishop Worthington of Nebraska, confirmed a class of six at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes on Monday evening. They were Miss Martha Jaycox, Mrs. L. Donnelly, Messrs. Paul E. Kees, A. W. Henning, R. S. Beiber, and Miss Louisa Zipfel.

F. W. Meinken has just returned from a successful business jaunt, which included Cleveland, O., and Pittsburg, Pa. He expects to sail for Europe in a week or two, and will visit England, France, and Switzerland.

Miss Lucy Greene, the accomplished deaf daughter of the President of the National Association of Music, is said to be seriously ill.

A. W. Henning says he has never rented a dock with Philip Eichelser. They jointly owned a rowboat, and paid one dollar a month for its care, but Mr. Henning relased himself from the compact over a year ago.

Theo. S. Rose is now a member of the Deaf-Mute Basket Ball Club. Four others names are up for membership—namely, Messrs. Gomprecht, Bernhardt, Miller and Metzger.

Albert H. King, formerly night-watchman at Fanwood, now wears the uniform of the Elevated Railroad Company.

Miss Gillen and Mr. Schnakenburg, of Brooklyn, were among the attendants of St. Ann's last Sunday.

Archie Baxter will probably go to Ocean Grove for the summer, with his family, this week.

John Wilkinson and family removed to Flatbush on Monday last.

Most Peculiar Towns in the World.

About one-third of the population of the Flemish city of Cheel is lunatics. Those mentally deranged are sent there from all over the continent, the idea being that the freedom given in this town, which lives on lunatics, will help to cure the patients. Yet the cure is founded on an improbable legend. A king's daughter having, during the middle ages, eloped to this city with a forbidden lover, was followed by her father, who, chancing to meet her at a street corner, promptly cut off her head. Two lunatics passing at the time were so shocked by this act that they regained their reason, and the town got its livelihood.

The town of Gibraltar, owing to its position in regard to Spain, has practically been in a state of siege for over two centuries. At sunset the drawbridges are raised, and at sunrise they are again let down to the tune of the reveille. The whole town is kept under strict military rule, none but Englishmen being allowed to enter without a pass, and none but residents under any conditions being allowed to sleep within the town.

The town of Iquitos, in South America, is a seaport situated some 4000 miles from the sea. Yet it boasts some of the finest dockyards in the world. Ships from every port and of every build, from the tramp steamer to the Altantic liner, can enter its port by sailing or steaming up the River Amazon.

There is a large city in northern China whose inhabitants, numbering many thousands, never speak to one another, eat, or drink. It is a city of graves. The corpses are deposited in earthen urns, and, having left a little rice and opium for the spirits of the departed to eat or give as offering to the national dragon, the living relatives hurry away from this town of the dead. But at nightfall, from out of hidden caves, and even sometimes desecrated urns, creep lepers and outcasts, who, while they make merry with the viands, laugh at the simple faith of the givers, who suppose in the morning that the gods have devoured them.

There are two cities many of whose whose inhabitants have never seen God's sky—Epernay, in France, and Wielicka, in Poland.

The former consists of miles upon miles of subterranean streets hewn out of the chalky soil, and cemented with millions upon millions of champagne bottles of all blends and vintages, left there to ripen. Wielicka, is hewn out of salt—in fact, a great salt mine, so large that the workers in it are also inhabitants. Many families date back three or four generations since any of their number have seen the world from the outside.

Many centuries passed since a woman was seen in or near the town of Caryes, situated on the coast of Macedonia. The town is dominated by a large monastery, and no woman is hver allowed to enter its gates. Even the inhabitants and Turkish guards are obliged to be bachelors. The greatest punishment in the Turkish army is to be sent to Caryes.—*London Mail.*

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

MAY 20TH, FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York. Rev. Mr. Koehler or Mr. Smielau officiating.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.
Trinity Church, Newark. Holy Communion.
St. Peter's Church, Port Chester.

Thursday, (Ascension Day) May 24th, services for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, at 8 P.M.

The Annual Meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers will be held after the service, about 9 P.M., on May 24th. A full attendance of the members is earnestly requested.

A wise man thinks twice before he speaks, and then he doesn't.

OHIO.

Program for the Waning School Year.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.

A Birthday Party--News of All Sorts.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Less than a month remains after this letter is print till the close of the present school year. Following are some of events to occur before that date. Wednesday evening, May 15th, reception to the graduating class by the trustees, officers and teachers of the school. Thursday evening, May 16th, commencement exercises, annual picnic date and place yet to be determined on. May 30th, Decoration day. June 3d, 5th, term examinations. June 13th, all aboard for home.

John Robinson's Show came to town Monday, and of course there was a parade. School was dismissed at ten o'clock, to allow the pupils to witness it, as it passed along Parson's Avenue to the show grounds. It was hardly up to the Sells Bros Combination, a Columbus institution as was until this Spring. A dozen or so camels drawing a show wagon, and a big boa constrictor, were the only new features.

The Board of Managers of the Home held a special meeting Monday evening, to consider the plans and contracts for the new barn. It was found that to go ahead with the first plans adopted would entail too large an expenditure. It was therefore decided to alter them and call for new bids.

One of the members of the Board, Mr. Frank Gillespie of Cincinnati was suspended pending an investigation till certain of his acts are straightened out to the satisfaction of the Board.

Monday afternoon a gentleman carrying what seemed like a photographic outfit was ushered into one of the school rooms, and introduced to the teacher, as Mr. E. H. Moore, who desired to make certain experiments with pupils with the instruments he had with him. He was shown into the next room, where he unpacked and set up his apparatus, when all was ready, a pupil at a time was called in and tested. His instrument is a chronoscope, and is used in measuring the time of reaction or between the make and break of an electric current. The invention comes from the Havard Psychological Laboratory, and is used in the colleges of this country, in physiological and psychological research.

Mr. Moore's object in giving tests here, was to ascertain whether the deaf react more quickly to visual stimulus than those with all their senses intact. Some of those tested appeared not to fully understand what was wanted of them, and hence the showing appeared against them, and second test was made later with better results. Some of the blind institution pupils were also tested, there the auditory stimulate being brought into play, but we have not been given results for a comparison.

The National Conference of Charities and Corrections is to meet in Topeka, Kansas, May 18–26th. Ex-superintendent Eagleson will represent Columbus, as a delegate, and Governor Nash has appointed Superintendent Jones to represent the institution, who has received his commission thereto. It is not likely that Mr. Jones will go, as the commencement exercises on the 15th, and the near approach of vacation, requiring extra work, will prevent him. By the way, we think a superintendent of a school for the deaf has no need of attending such a conference, unless it is considered such an institution is an object of charity. A decade or two ago such was the fact, but we have made progress since then, and we opine no man at the head of a school of this class considers it, nor desires it to be known, under that name. These institutions are strictly schools, and that is what superintendents, principals, and teachers of them have been contending all along at their conventions.

The railroads have begun their summer excursions to and out of the city, and we may expect visitors at the institution from now on every Sunday. Among those here Sunday were Christropher and Daniel Whitehead, of Lawrence County, and, for company, they brought along Rufus H. Callison, of Huntington, West Va., Charles P. Lipscomb and Howard A. Moore, of Central City, West Va.

Mrs. George McGowan, *nee* Margaret McVicker, who left school in 1892, made her first visit since Wednesday. Her home is Lima, where her husband works as a bricklayer. She thought the new school building was just fine, and was sorry she could not be a pupil in it. She was also surprised at the many improvements everywhere visible about her *alma mater*. She left here Thursday for Newark, to visit friends for a few days.

Mr. C. C. Neuner has returned to the city, and is working over in Green Lawn Cemetery. He has been over in Muskingum County since last fall, teaching a deaf pupil.

Mrs. George W. Steenrod, of Wheeling, has returned to her home from an extended visit to the east. Her daughter, Mrs Zane, has invited the deaf of Wheeling and neighborhood to celebrate the 4th of July at her home, and the invitation has been accepted.

Mrs. Samuel W. Corbett, of Bellaire, was given a birthday surprise party on the 28th ult., by a number of her friends. She was presented with a number of gifts as a remainder of the occasion. The occasion proved a very pleasant affair for all concerned.

Miss Emma Bard spent a couple of days recently with friends in Grove City.

Miss Lizzie Hewitt was in Zanesville Saturday and Sunday, the guest of Miss Brenner, where she also met Miss L. Carr.

Thanks to the rain of this week, which laid the dust, and allowed pedestrians to go on their way without keeping their eyes shut. If there is any city that can beat Columbus in raising dust, Chicago excepted, we have yet to hear of it. The officials here seem to be afraid of using water for street sprinkling purposes, and, as a consequence, when the wind is up, people have all they can do to keep their eyes clean.

The 1st Independents played with the Central High School Club Saturday, and, at first, it looked like a victory for the latter, as it is one of the best clubs in town, but when the game was finished, the score was even—9 to 9. The second Independents were booked with Capital University Club, but for some reason, the latter backed out of their bargain, so a game was played with ex-pupils, who won 23 to 22.

The 6th inst. was the birthday anniversary of Mrs Christiam Meyer, of Cleveland. Her better half, unbeknown to her, set about and got up a surprise party and made merry the day for her. There were thirty-nine guests in the party, and they brought with them lots of good things for the inner man, both for dinner and tea. A large, lovely boquet of carnations and roses, a gift, graced the center of the dining table, and the good things set out before the guests could not have been more inviting to kings.

Among the numerous presents received by Mrs. Meyer were two beautiful hand painted-china plates, doily sofa pillow, a fine dress, shirt waist, belt buckles, and other little keepsakes. All of Mr. Meyer's brothers, with their wives and sisters and children, were there. Also the following deaf: Mr. and Mrs. Kleinhans, Mr. and Mrs. Cowley, Mr. and Mrs. Huth, Mr. and Mrs. Towner, Mr. Edward Carroll, Miss McClintock, Messrs ,Koelle, Elbert, Rye, Wasserstrom and Woolington. His daughter, Mrs. Lizzie Whitmarsh and son, with two young ladies, were also there from Massillon. All there greatly enjoyed the occasion, and left wishing Mrs. Meyer many more such birthday anniversaries.

The State encampment of the G. A. R. was held at Findlay this week. Mrs. Eliza Bard took advantage of the cheap railroad rates offered and visited friends in the city, returning Friday evening.

Miss Eva Nutt, after a month's delightful visit among friends in Columbus, bade them good-bye last Saturday and returned to her home at Hamden Junction, Ohio.

A. B. G.

May 12, 1900.

SERVICES IN THE DIOCESE OF ALBANY.

Until further notice the following arrangement of regular services in the Diocese of Albany, will be adhered to as closely as possible.

FIRST SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.

10:30 A.M.,—St. Paul's, Troy.
3:00 P.M.,—St. Paul's, Albany.

SECOND SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.

10:30 A.M.,—St. Paul's Troy.
3:00 P.M.,—St. George's, Schenectady.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.

10:30 A.M.,—St. John's, Johnstown.
7:30 P.M.,—St. Ann's, Amsterdam.

Services on others Sundays and week-days will be announced from time to time, as occasion may require.

The Rev. Mr. Van Allen may be addressed either at "Station C," Albany, N. Y., or Bath-on-the Hudson, N. Y.

Queen Victoria now has thirty-five grandchildren and great-grandchildren. That's a record to be proud of, though it does tax the British exchequer somewhat severely.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

A Shake-Up in the Base Ball Team

HAS A GOOD EFFECT.

Literary Events.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 14, 1900.—The past week at the college has been lacking in events of much interest other than a general shake up in base-ball circles. To begin with, Chambers, the third-base man, and one of the best batters on the team, broke the little finger of his left hand on Monday, and will be out of the game for the rest of the season, perhaps. Then on Tuesday, the team thus crippled met the Central High School, and in a somewhat carelessly played game got defeated 14 to 13. A return game with the Farmers was on the program for Wednesday, but rain prevented the game and probably saved us from another defeat, as the team was not in a condition to play. In the meantime a feeling that something ought to be done to revive the spirit of the team and awaken more enthusiasm generally in the sport, culminated in a meeting of the Athletic Association on Wednesday night. To open proceedings a motion was given and seconded to have the team disbanded. Some spirited speech making followed, *pro* and *con*, for the next hour. The sentiment against the disbanding of the team was almost unanimous, there being only two votes for the motion when it was put to vote.

During the meeting the fact was brought out and emphasized by several speakers that a team of itself cannot win, unless it has the student body behind it; in short, a student body with college spirit and enthusiasm enough to go to the games and root for the teams—to cheer a man if he makes an error, cheer him if he makes a good play, and cheer all the time and all together.

Previous to the meeting the Captain, Horace B. Waters, '02, feeling it for the best interests of the team, had resigned; and after this meeting of the general association the Board of Directors met and chose Geo. W. Andree, also of '02, to succeed him. Waters now plays third base and Wheeler is back in the left field.

The next day after these changes the team met the Business High School and showed a noticeable improvement in general play. Probably this was due in part to the fact that the rooters were out in force. The Board had selected Norris, '01, to lead the "Yellers," and things were kept merry for the visitors throughout the game which was won by Gallaudet 22 to 6.

The score of this game by innings was as follows.

Gallaudet:	2 0 3 0 6 2 9 0 x—22
B. H. S.:	3 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 2— 6

The features of the game were the pitching of Kurath, who struck out twelve men; a home run by Rosson, and the batting of Lawrence, Wheeler and Burham, for Gallaudet, and McFarland for the High School.

Saturday the team went to Alexandria, Va., to play the Episcopal High School, and as Prof. Draper expressed it, had a picnic of it, by defeating the Alexandria boys 31 to 0. The Episcopal High School has always been able to put a strong team in the field, and up to three years ago always defeated Gallaudet. This game, therefore, shows what our team really can do when all hands play ball. Only five innings were played, the game being called in the sixth inning, after Gallaudet had made eight runs and had only two men out. If these eight runs had been counted, the score would have been 39 to 0. The Alexandria boys never touched Rosson once, and not a man reached even the third base. Gallaudet made thirteen hits, five of them being by Andree, and one of them was a home run. Rosson and Wheeler each made a three-base hit, when all the bases were full. The base running of Gallaudet's men showed a noticeable improvement, and they are to be congratulated upon this fact and encouraged to do still better, for poor base running has been one of the team's weakest points all the season. The score:

GALLAUDET:	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Waters, 3b.,	3	4	1	0	1	2
Rosson, p.,	3	5	1	1	3	0
Geilfuss, 2b.,	6	3	2	3	2	0
Andree, c.,	6	3	5	5	0	0
Wheeler, l.f.,	4	3	1	0	0	0
Lawrence, ss.,	3	2	0	2	0	1
Carpenter, 1b.,	4	3	1	2	1	0
Barham, cf.,	4	3	3	0	0	0
Haines, rf.,	0	5	0	0	0	0
Totals	33	31	13	15	7	3

EPIS. H. SCHOOL:	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Waters, H. p., c.,	2	0	0	2	0	1
Davis, 2b.,	2	0	0	4	1	0
Campbell, ss.,	2	0	0	3	3	1
Ames, lf.,	2	0	0	1	0	1
Garbrough, c., lf.,	1	0	0	2	0	2
Carter, 1b.,	2	0	0	2	0	1
Reade, cf.,	2	0	0	0	0	0
Waters, R. V., p.,	0	0	0	0	0	1
Berkley, rf.,	2	0	0	0	0	0
Ansley, 3b.,	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.	16	0	0	15	4	9

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	
GALLAUDET,	9	0	13	5	4	—31
EPIS. H. SCHOOL,	0	0	0	0	0	— 0

Bases Stolen—Gallaudet, 12. Three-base hits, Rosson and Wheeler. Home run—Andree. Base on balls—Off Rosson, 1; off H. D. Waters, 6; off R. V. Waters, 6. Hit by pitched balls—by H. D. Waters, 3; by R. V. Waters, 2. Struck out—by Rosson, 4; by H. D. Waters, 1; by R. V. Waters, 1. Passed balls—Garborough, 3; H. D. Waters, 4. Wild pitches—H. D. Waters, 3. Time—3:33–5:25. Umpires—Mr. Dobyns, Gallaudet, and Mr. Kennedy, Epis. H. S.

The team will probably play Maryland Agricultural College some time this week, also Baltimore City College and Central High School.

There will be a track and field meet between Gallaudet and Eastern High School at Kendall Green on May 18. Eastern High School will furnish the prizes as a return courtesy for the use of our track for training. On June 2d Gallaudet's teams will take part in the Y. M. C. A. meet at Van Ness Park.

Both the O. W. L. S. and the "Lit" held literary meetings during the past week. The former held its meeting on Saturday night and carried out the following program:

ESSAY: Macaulay.....Miss Stout, '01.
STORY: "She goes here, She goes there".....Miss Lindstrom, '01.
DIALOGUE: "Trial of Fing Wing,".....Miss Marshall, '00.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

JOHN ALDEN.....Miss MacPhail, '03.
PRISCILLA.....Miss Brooks, '03
MILES STANDISH.....Miss Hanburg, '03

RECITATION: "The Ragged Man,".....Miss Hutchinson, '03.

The "Lit," carried out the program below:

LECTURE: "An Aloe,".....Mr. Adams, '86
DEBATE: "Should the Co-education of the Sexes in the Higher Institutions be Abolished?" Affirmative, Messrs. Carpenter, '02, and Bruns, I. C., Negative, Messrs. Schafer, '02, and Kurath, I. C.
DIALOGUE: "Going to be an orator,".....Messrs. Rink, '03, and Mather, I. C.
DECLAMATION: "Ye Gentlemen of England.....Mr. Erickson, '03.

The judges of the debate decided in favor of the affirmative side. Mr. Schafer, being sick, Mr. Northern, '02, took his place.

The Base Ball team was photographed for the *Buff and Blue* last week. The cut comes out in the May issue this year.

The V. L. T. C. recently revised its constitution and purchased a lot of new playing material. The club is now in a prosperous condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Denison gave a reception to Kendall Green friends Thursday.

R. S. T.

WYOMING VALLEY, PA.

A deaf-mute party was given by John H. Barth, of Dagobert Street, Wilkes Barre, last Saturday evening. It was still more successful than the party held at Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Smith's, at Laurel Run, Pa., last year, where Mr. Barth formerly resided for three years, while he worked there. The dinner was served at ten o'clock. The deaf-mutes and hearing friends had a very good time. The deaf-mutes were from Scranton, Wilkes Barre, and nearby towns. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. James Byron, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wirth, Misses Mamie and Maggie Dress, Edith and Carrie Evans, Anna Byron, Anna Alberts, Messrs. James Williams, Harry Leibsohn, John H. Barth, and Mrs. Charles F. Goodrich, of Wilkes Barre; John McDonough, and Theodore Yoos, of Scranton; Robert Davis, of Kingston; Augusta Hintz, of Plains, and others.

Mr. Tracy Learn, of Ransom, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. Wirth, last Sunday afternoon, as also was William Stone, of Taylor.

Mrs. James Byron returned to Wilkes Barre last Saturday afternoon. She had been with her father and relatives, at Lopez and Dushore, for nearly two weeks. Mr. and Mrs. J. Byron are going to housekeeping this week. They are doing well.

Augustus Ambs, a brother of Mrs. Katie Byron, of Wilkes Barre, employed at Barth & Kester's planing mill, at Dushore, Sullivan Co., Pa., had the misfortune to cut off the middle finger of his right hand on Tuesday afternoon, May 8th, while at work. The other fingers were badly lacerated. Mrs. Katie Byron had been at Dushore, Pa., just before the accident at Barth & Kester's planing mill. It was not known to her until she reached home. Your correspondent sent word to her about her brother, Augustus, of Dushore, Pa.

It was intended to hold a meeting at John Barth's home, on May 5th, but it was postponed. There will be a meeting soon, if it be possibly for all of the members to come to Wilkes Barre.

Mrs. Robert Davis is not well, at Kingston, Pa.

Mrs. John McDonough and P. Yoose, of Scranton, were a Pittston, last Sunday, to see a deaf-mute from New York. It is not known what his name is.

J. H. B.

WORK WANTED.

DOMESTIC—A deaf-mute, middle aged, at light housework, nice sewer; a good home more an object than wages. Country preferred. Gr. store, 100 E. 118th Street, New York. 20–3in.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Whenever there is an excursion or picnic to take place, as the time draws near, one hears on all sides various styles of small talk.

One party asks why don't we have our excursion to Glen Island. It is so much better a place than Pleasure Bay N. J., and so charmingly situated and has so many attractions.

Why? Because the Starin Transportation Company could not accommodate us on their regular lineboat, and we see little or no profit in chartering a steamer for ourselves exclusively, and the fact that so far this coming summer we are the only ones to assume the responsibility of an excursion, ought to be sufficient proof that few associations of the deaf at the present day care to do so.

Another person assures us that the fare for an excursion ticket to Long Branch and also intermediate landings is 35 cents. We respectfully call the attention of our friends to the advertisement of the Patten Line, which can be found in the New York *World*, daily. The fare of adults for the round trip is 50 cents and children 35 cents. The company has agreed that if over 200 of our party go, they will allow the Brooklyn Guild 20 per cent on the dollar. If only 100 go, they will allow us nothing, and the company is to receive full fare.

Still another person asks the writer how it is that his sister and her family received such handsome presents at the Guild's Christmas entertainment, last winter, then he cantradicts himself by saying all the presents were not worth the amount committee paid for them, and did not amount to much. The committee were given full power on that occasion to spend $20.00, but Mrs. Juhring and her sister, who made the purchases at wholesale, found that about $15.00 would cover the amount of the entire expenses. The persons appointed to number the parcels had no knowledge of what each parcel contained.

There is a nonsensical rumor afloat that the Gallaudet Home conflagration was of incendiary origin, and the work of a deaf-mute inmate.

A friend has just presented me with a copy of the *Once a week*, of April 26th. Among the New York correspondent's writing I notice a small article to the effect that Leo Greis is seriously contemplating starting in business, and that in the years he has slaved at his trade as a wood engraver, he has accumulated the snug little fortune of $10,000. This is mythical — a fable. There has never been a working wood-engraver, as far as we are informed, who has ever become wealthy at his trade

The majority who have died the past years have left their families in poor circumstances. "Leo" has no intention of starting in business as he is sick of slaving at his trade, but a few weeks ago he received a letter from a well known deaf-mute, who is said to be doing a good business, offering to sell him his business, with the entire working plant, etc, the price mentioned being over a thousand dollars. No doubt this $10,000 fably induced the party to write the letter, which offer was respectfully declined, and caused the usually tranquil expression of the recipient to relapse into a calm and serene smile.

Miss Hannah Henry and her sister have removed lately to Hall Street, between Willoughby and Myrtle Avenues.

While at the Dunellen, N. J., ball, last winter, the deaf-mutes had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of John F. Burke who is stage coach driver for Buffalo Bill's Wild West, and several of them enjoyed a game on the bowling alleys with him. He is from Denver, Col., and when he comes to the city, aside from the rough life he has led in the west, he is a perfect gentleman and a very social and firm friend to his acquaintances.

Hugh Conlon, though now living in New York City, still cherishes his old-time tender feelings for the City of Churches and remains a member of the Brookiyn Guild, and also attends services on Sundays. He formerly worked in a dry goods store, but the long hours greatly discouraged him. He now has a good position at the Western Electric Company, in New York City, where he is employed as measurer on insulated wire in the insulating room.

LEON.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

MAY.

18—7.30 P.M., Auburn.
20—11.00 A.M., and 7.30 P.M., St. Luke's, Rochester.
22—7.30 P.M., Trinity Church, Elmira.
23—7.30 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton.
25—7.30 P.M., Onedia.
27—9.30 A.M., Trinity Church, Utica.
27—3.00 P.M., Zion Church, Rome.
27—7.30 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.
29—7.30 P.M., Watkins.
30—7.30 P.M., Geneva.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER,
11 Mason Street,
Rochester, N. Y.

The Virginia Institution closes for the summer on June 20th.

Emil Schiefler, wheeled his "Columbia" bicycle from Mount Clair through Little Falls, Paterson, Brookdale and Bloomfield last Sunday, with six hearing friends.

GIRL SOLVES STRANGE MURDER MYSTERY.

Out of a maze of clues which District Attorney Merrill, of Queens County, took up when he assumed office in November, a clever girl has woven a web of evidence in a mysterious murder for which Francesco Casale has been arrested and charged with the killing of Francesco Bolinetto, in the dooryard of the latter's home, Ocean Avenue, Ozone Park, in August, 1898. The authorities were notified yesterday that Casale has been arrested in England.

Much of the credit for his capture must go to a girl who disguised herself in the dress of Casale's countrywomen and for weeks lived in the Italian colony in Ozone Park. Many of the alleged murderer's friends became madly infatuated with the beautiful newcomer, and behind a mask of love she drew from them dark secrets which Headquarters detectives had given up in despair.

Until this girl was brought into the case the authorities of three governments have been on the lookout for Casale. He had been traced to various cities, with the chase always ending in failure.

Francesco Bolinetto, a contractor, was standing in the dooryard of his home on the evening of Sunday, Aug. 16, 1898, when he suddenly threw his hands in the air and fell to the ground, pierced through the heart with a bullet. His wife was standing by his side, but had turned as the shot was fired. The police learned later that the assassin had killed the wrong victim—it was the woman he was after.

DEAF-MUTE MAKES GESTURES.

There were two witnesses, Papino Acquino, a deaf-mute, was standing in the roadway in front of Bolinettos home; Carlo Casale, the ten-year-old son of the alleged murderer, was in the yard with his father, whose house adjoined that of Bolinetto.

Both were arrested.

When taken into court Acquino, the mute, understood the charge against him, and holding his right hand as if about to fire a shot, he motioned to Magistrate Smith. Then he held one hand high above his head and swept both hands across his upper lip and down to indicate a long moustache. His motions were interpreted to mean that the murderer was a man, taller than the Magistrate and with sweeping moustache. Such a man was Casale.

Directly after the murder Casale disappeared. Before coming to this country he had spent sixteen years in Itlalian prisons and had a reputation for great daring and cunning. The police learned that he was infatuated with Mrs. Bolinetto and had threatened to kill her unless she eloped with him.

Acquino, the mute, and young Casale were discharged by a Queens County Grand Jury.

The latter was placed in an institution in Peekskill. The Governments of England and Italy were notified to look for Casale. Ex-District-Attorney Youngs had charge of the search.

When District-Attorney Merrill was elected last November, one of the first declarations he made in his new office was to run down the murderer of Bolinetto.

Two Sisters.

"Beauties and Achievements of the Blind" is the name of a book published nearly fifty years ago, and now long out of print. We are indebted to Mr. William Wade for a copy of the book, which he picked up in some out-of-the-way place. One thing of interest to Indiana readers is the publication in the book of several poems by Miss Margaret Bleches, a graduate of the Indiana Institution for the Blind, and a sister of Miss Mary Bleches, who is a graduate of the Indiana Institution for the Deaf. The deaf sister acted as amanuensis, the authoress dictating the poems by the manual alphabet. The story of the lives of these two sisters, the one blind and the other totally deaf, but possessing speech, is a touching one. Rarely separated for more than a day at a time, these sisters were as ministering angels to each other. The deaf one saw for the blind one and the blind one heard for the deaf one. There may be similar cases elsewhere, but we have not heard of them. The blind sister was educated in the Institution for the Blind, and the deaf sister taught her to use signs. As the deaf one possessed speech, she could tell her sightless sister what she saw, and the blind one related in signs what she heard. Thus the two lived on, mutually helpful, until about a year ago, when Miss Margaret died, leaving Mary very lonely. Their home was at Fordville, Ind. They were of Scotch descent. The records of our Institution show that Mary St. C. Belches lost her hearing at the aged of ten years, of a "cold." At the age of twenty-three years, on October 4, 1848, she was admitted to this Institution. She completed the course of study and was graduated. She is an occasional visitor to the school, having been here for a short visit a month ago. She is one of the oldest living graduates of our school, if not the oldest.—*Silent Hoosier.*

Some one has calculated that the postmen of London walk, together, something like 48,360 miles per day—a distance equal to twice the circumference of the globe.

The Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

This Home was established by "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," in 1886, on a farm of 156 acres by the Hudson River, six miles below Poughkeepsie. It has been a comfort already to upwards of forty afflicted people. Friends have rallied around this Home so that it is entirely free from debt. It is intended to receive inmates eventually from the whole State of New York. People of this class have all been educated, but have broken down in the battle of life. Several of the inmates are deaf and dumb and blind.

On Sunday night, Feb. 18th, the main building and the wing recently added for the men, were destroyed by a sudden and dreadful fire. The inmates—fourteen women and eleven men—were bravely rescued, and are now comfortable in temporary quarters in Poughkeepsie.

In addition to the insurance, it will take $20, 000 to give our silent friends another Christian Refuge. They lost all their personal effects in the raging flames. We would make them glad again as far as possible. The Trustees of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes appeal for funds to build a new and better Home.

Donations may be sent to:—

The Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter, D.D., Bishop of New York, President ex-officio, 29 Lafayette Place.
Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Second Vice-President, Station M.
Mr. A. L. Willis, Secretary, 8 Hampden St., Fordham Heights.
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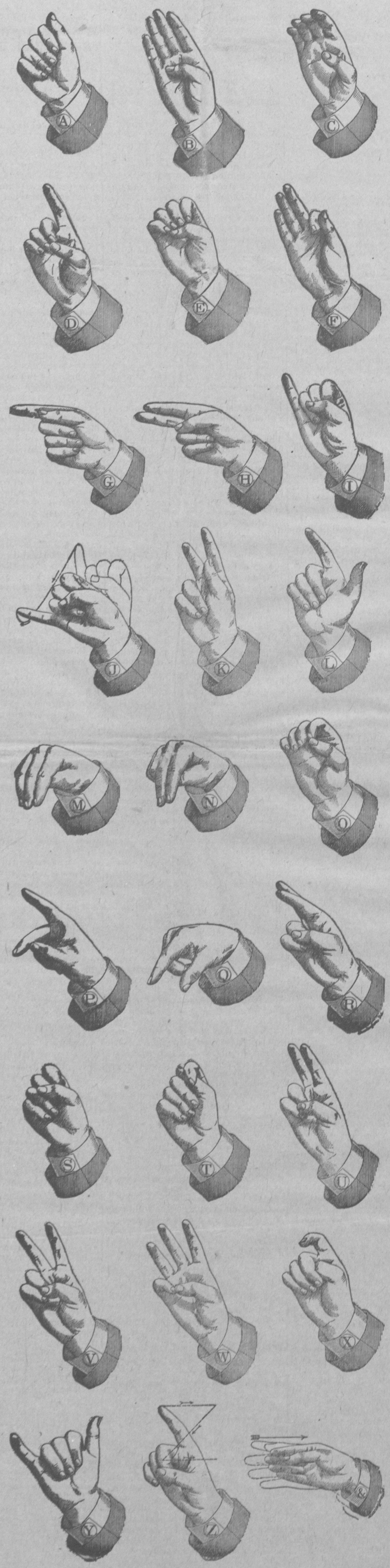


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